

Incomplete Songbook
(Binder #5)

MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY
(Tune- Ghost Riders In the Sky)

Z (1)

An B6 got airborne on a dark and windy day
And as he raised his landing gear, you could hear the pilot pray
Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, till I am on the ground

Chorus: Yippi-i-o, yippi-i-a-a-a
Mach riders in the sky

These flyin fiends are here to stay, it's said they're very mean
And all know we've been famous since 1917
Though we may work on holidays, and weekends just the same
Those pukin' pups make history, Oh bless that famous name

As our B6's leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame
The pilots they all go through hell, but fly in just the same
The crew chiefs work their asses off to keep em flyin high
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high
The cuss and cry, "Live or die," MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY

65

BLESS THEM ALL

(2)

Bless them all, Bless them all
The needle, the airspeed the ball
Bless all the instructors
Who taught me to fly
Sent me up to solo and left me to die
So if ever your blow jet should stall
You're due for one hell of a fall
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lady, Bless them all

Bless them all, Bless them all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants
The four piece band
Bless all the Corporals and their doggy squad
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all
The long and the short and the tall
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So while we are here bless them all

24 (4)

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things
Now I don't want them any more
They taught me how to fly then they sent me off to die
I've had a belly full of war
You can save those Zero's for the god-damned heroes
Distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses, Buster

OK

Chorus: I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things
Now I don't want them any more

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
I've no desire to be burned
Air combat spells romance, but it makes me wet my pants
I'm not a fighter I have learned
You can save those Mitsubishi's for those other sons-o-bitches
Cause I'd rather lay a woman than be shot down in a Grummans, Buster

Now, I'm too young to die in a damned old FBY
That's for the eager not for me
I won't trust to luck to be picked up by a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Caused K'd rather be a bell hop than a flyer on a flat top
Wish my hand around a bottle not around a god-damned throttle, Buster

Now, I don't care to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me mark my lunch
I got no Hey, Hey, when they holler bombs away
I'd rather be home with the bunch
For there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
For I'd rather be home buster with my ass than with a cluster, Buster

They feed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew
What will they think of next they'll be dehydrating sex
And on that day I'll tell the coach I'm through
For I dearly love my humpin', and I'd love to do some pumpin'
But I'd rather come with chowder, than to come with lumps of powder, Buster

Now the day that we bomber Mats, I ran out of cigarette
I always smoke one for my gut
They are so then by the ton, but I haven't got one
Oh what I'd give to have a butt
Now the hole front may be pitching, but I still will do my bitching
Till I find some real sharp cookie, who can make produce some nookie,
Buster.

I WANTED WINGS
(Korean Version)

4

I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things
Now I don't want them any more
I don't want a tour in Korea that's for sure
I've had a belly full of war
I don't want my fancy frozen
In that putrid land of Chosen
Fighting MIG's of Uncle Joe's
In an atmosphere that's frigid frozen, buster
I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things
Now I don't want them any more

OK

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky
MIG's always make me barf my lunch
For me there's no Hey, Hey, Screaming
Bogies that-a-way
I'd rather be here with the bunch
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
I would rather be home buster
With my ass than with a cluster, Buster
I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things
Now I don't want them any more

TEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
(Tune- Old 97)

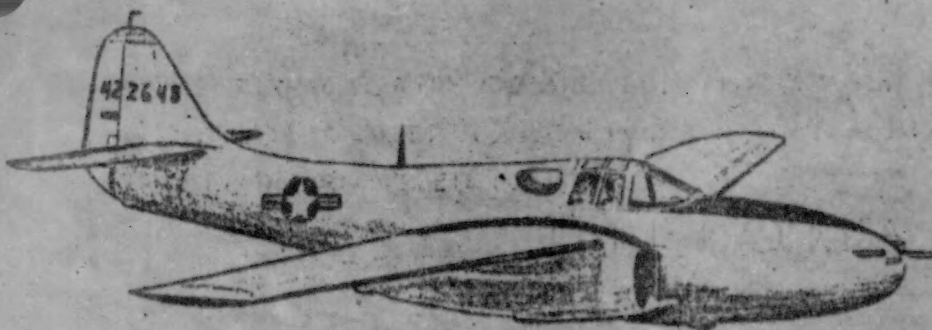
3

He was comin' on the downwind Goin' one ninety per
When his Hundred went into a spin
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
And his body all covered with gin

Now the Pratt man said, "It can't be the engine
'Cause that engine never chugs."
So upon examination, pulling blades in every station
They found it was the jet mix sludge

OK
words

Chorus: (Low and Soft) (Tune-Funeral March)
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks
Oh won't they be excited, Oh won't they be delighted
Just think of what they can buy
Ten thousand dollars going home to the folks



RED NOSE MIGS

(Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'
 Not a Sabre in sight
 Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'
 And they want to fight
 Let's hurry, hurry home
 Oh won't you hurry, hurry home?
 Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'
 Not a Sabre in sight!

MIG 15

(Tune: I T'ought I taw a Puttycat)

OK
 I t'ought I taw a MiG-15
 A tweeping up on me
 I did, I did, I taw him
 As big as he could be!

I am that great big MiG-15
 Ivan is my name
 And if I catch that '84
 I'll shoot him down in flame!

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow
 I lost my jet pilot from flying so low
 He put on an air show, he did it for me
 At altitude zero he clobbered a tree
 With throttle wide open he made his last pass
 On top of old Fuji he busted his ass!

(All songs on this page from "Repulsive Rhapsodies," 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

IN-FLIGHT REFUELING
(Tune - Strawberry Rhone)

7

Oh come fighter pilots, both young and old
And I'll tell you a story, that'll make you turn cold
A story of tankers, and a flight out to sea
And I hate to tell you what they did to me

Oh we took off from George, oh so early one morn
The weather was balmy, but not really warm
We soon left the coast line, and headed to sea
And for the last time land I did see

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore
And we finally got to that point far from land
Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand

But yes, you have guessed it, no one was there
Nothing around, but ocean and air
We called and we called, but it was in vain
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas
The pain was beginning, to leave my ass
'Twas beginning to fucker, and turn a dull hue
Then finally a tanker came into view

Well bygones were bygones, and we didn't bitch
We just latched onto, that sonofabitch
What he, called the scanner, "It's under your wing
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!"

Well I stabbed and I stabbed, and I stabbed some more
But I couldn't hit, that dirty old whore
I looked at my gas gauge, and it was down low
I backed off again, and tried it real slow

So I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work
So I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow
As I looked at the cold water down there below

I looked at that water, so cold and so chilled
And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed
So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose
I hit that old funnel, right square on the nose
The engineer said, "Sir, your taking on fuel"
But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fool

I called that damn scanner, said, "Turn on the gas
I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass."
He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin
"You know there are boys out, when you bust one's tin"

(Cont next page)

continued

IN FLIGHT REFUELING (Cont.)

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say
That old P-100, lies out in the bay
But I'll have my vengeance, you can bet your life
Cause there's no tanker pilot, that I'm gonna knife

I LOVE OLD WING OPS AND FLYING SAFETY
(Tune-Deer Hearts and Gentle Peedle)

I Love old Wing Ops, and Flying Safety
There's nothing but hot air
But if you bust one, and hit the barrier
You know damn well that they'll be there

I read my dash one, from dawn till sunset
But it don't go so well
For when the board meets, and I go up there
I know they're going to give me hell

I feel so helpless, each time I try to fly
For I know they'll watch each move I make
And so it's Wing Ops, and Flying Safety
Watching every rule I break

THE COMRADES LAMENT
(Tune- Clementine)

Once a flier, do or die, in his faithful Sabre true
After hitchin, flew a mission, to the town of Sinanju
Still in flight he, saw some mighty, Russian MIG's upon his tail
With a quiver, and a shiver, he let out an awful wail

Chorus: Sayonara, Sayonara, Sayonara, Ah so Des
If you find me, never mind me
I will be an awful mess

Then a Mustang, went in busting, Just to see what he could do
But alas, he made a pass and that was all, they got him too
Thought an 80 I'm so great he'll never get a shot at me
Wasn't gone long when his own song
Sounded just like this to me

Then a Thunder Jet who hadn't blundered yet
Thought he'd try it all alone
Like a blotter hit the water, shook the end of Davey Jones
So the tally in MIG alley isn't quite like all the claims
But as a fair course to the Air Force
We won't mention any names

We're from the Eight Six
 The hairy chested Eight Six
 Whenever we go out and have a ball
 We take delight in stirring up a fight
 And knocking hawks and tigers in the head
 Till they're dead

HA HA, HA
 HO HO, HO
 HEE, HEE, HEE

We have gotten
 A rep for being rotten
 We put poison in our CO's Cream of Wheat
 We're from the eight six
 The hairy chested eight six
 And we eat (ROAR) Raw Meat!
 (Call the waiter - More Beer)

PADDY MURPHY

Have you ever been in an Irishman's shanty
 Where whiskey is plenty and the money is scanty
 A bed on the floor, a roof of thatch
 And a string on the door instead of a latch
 Now there were icepicks and toothpicks
 And all kinds of lunatics, ice cream and cold cream
 The girls were drinking kerosene

Now the night that Paddy Murphy died is one I'll not forget
 The boys they started drinking and some ain't sober yet
 Now the night that Paddy Murphy died
 They came from far and near
 They took the ice right off the corpse, and put it in their beer.

And that's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
 That's how we showed our honor and our pride
 That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
 On the night that Paddy died

HERE'S TO _____

Here's to _____, he's true blue
 He's a drunkard through and through
 He's a drunkard so they say
 Oh he tried to go to Heaven
 But he went the other way
 So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
 So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug

PILOT'S HEAVEN
(Tune, Ghost Riders in the Sky)

10

AS WE WERE FLYING THROUGH THE SKY
ONE BRIGHT AND SUNNY DAY,
WE SPIED A BIG BLACK THUNDERSTORM
ALYING IN OUR WAY
FLY RIGHT ON THROUGH, THE COLONEL SAID
WE DO MOST ANYTHING
AND NOW WE'RE UP IN HEAVEN
AND HEAR THE ANGELS SING.

OH IT'S SO VERY NICE UP HERE
AWAY UP IN THE SKY
THERE NO ONE HERE WITH HEN-HOUSE WAYS
THERE IS NO TRY
THE FOOD IS GOOD, THE CO'S SWEET
WE HAVE NO NEED TO FEAR,
THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS OCS--
WE ALL WEAR WINGS UP HERE

AS I LOOKED DOWN ON EARTH ONE DAY
WE SAW A GRUESOME SIGHT
IT MADE OUR BLOOD RUN VERY COLD
IT TURNED OUR LIVERS WHITE,
THE WHOLE COMMAND FROM OMAHA
WAS HEADED UP THIS WAY
WE CALLED OUR LORD BEFORE US
AND ALL KNELT DOWN TO PRAY

THE GENERAL TOLD OUR BOSS, THE LORD
NOW THIS IS NOT A PRANK
HE SHOUTED IN A MIGHT VOICE
JUST WHAT'S YOUR DATE OF RANK
THE LORD SAT THERE--HIS HEAD WAS BOWED,
THE GENERAL SHOUTED CLEAR,
THERE'S JUST NOT ROOM IN HEAVEN
FOR TWO CO'S UP HERE

THE LORD HE CALLED US 'PORE THE SERGEANT
AND THESE LAST WORDS HE SAID,
YOUR TOUR UP HERE IS DONE, MY BOYS
YOUR MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD,
WE'LL SEND YOU OUT ON PCS
BUT NAMES WE CANNOT TELL
ONE HALF TO GO THREE WING O SIX,
THE OTHER HALF TO H-B-L-E

MY DARLING 39
(Tune- My Darling Clementine)

11

In the cockpit of the Cobra
Trying hard to reach the line
But alas my engine faltered
Fare thee well my 39

Chorus: Oh my darling, Oh my darling
Oh my darling 39
You are lost and gone forever
Fare thee well my 39

OK

When you're spinning very flatly
And you've got a worried mind
That's all brother, hit the jumpack
Bid farewell to you 39

All the brass hats in our congress
They have signed the dotted line
They are lucky they just bought it
They don't fly the 39

SONG OF THE 18TH
(Tune- Wreck of Old 97)

12

It's a long, long road from Pusan to Pyong-yang
And the mountains are high and wide
If my engine quits, you can write off a mustang
Cause K'm fixing to go over the side

OK

Col. McBride led his boys on a mission
And the chinks started throwing up flak
He said, "Run on up boys, and we'll clean out our engines
And the drinks are on the last one to get back."

Close support is a damn fine sortie
Cause you work so close to the troops
You get hit twelve times by a 20 or a 40
and your engine coughs sputters and poops

So you hit the silk and you land in a meadow
And the chinks start blazing away
And a copter comes along and picks up your elbow
Registration boys will find the rest some day

It's a damn fine war and I love every mission
And I guess I'm here to stay
But I'd rather shag a broad by suggestive cotton
Or catch the clap in old Santa Fe.

THE FIGHTING COIN
(Tune- MacArthur's Band)

(13)

We're here to tell a story of squadron 53
Came over from Asia to join the fighting fight
They're sitting here before us, tapping up the brow
They don't belong in a fighter group, but what can Chitty do

Chitty: La da da da, What can he do
La da da da, What can he do
La da da da, What can he do
Oh they don't belong in a fighter group
But what can Chitty do

OK

They fly their old night fighters, they take off after dark
They don't know where they're going, they're just up for a lark
They never brief, they always beef, fly strictly on a hunch
Their call should be "Banana" cause they fly in such a bunch

You know we also fly at night, thank God the times are few
We often hear night fighters saying, "Moonshine, is that you?"
"Moonshine, this is feminine, this is feminine I say
Won't you tell those nasty shooting Stars to land they're in our way!"

AIN'T IT A BLOODY SHAME
(Tune- Poor but Honest)

(14)

We were fat back in the Truman's
Drinking beer, and sometimes wine
When they said, "You're going over
To Korea's fighting line."

We were young and we were eager
To get one hundred and go home
But they slipped the finger to us
And left us here - far o'er the foam

Now they sit in USAF Headquarters
Making rules so much unkind
It's the same the whole world over
Isn't it a bloody shame

OK

Shed a tear when you think of us
Sitting here on old K-2
While you sleep with all our sweethearts
As we fly the old Yalu

1947 PROTEST
(Tune- Cold Cold Heart)

15

I've tried, so hard my friend, to think
That rank was worth a lot
But now you've gone and got yourself
Promoted to a spot
Your job is one that could be done
By any PFC
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get that spot for me

gk

You'll be a full bird soon, my friend
Of that I have no doubt
The tfo's being changed right now
They ripped it inside out
Lieutenant General, Wing CO
The staff all gets one star
At least we'll have some rank around
To help us fight the war

Another week or two in grade
We'll put you in again
You needn't wait to learn your job
That's for enlisted men
The only thing I envy is
The talent that you got
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get your open spot

CHITOSE BLUES
(Tune- Cigaretts and Whiskey)

17

Once I was happy and had a dear wife
I had enough Yen to last me for life
I met with a Josan and we went on a spree
She started me smokin' and drinkin' Saki

Chorus: Cigaretts and Saki and wild wild Josans
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Cigaretts and Saki and wild wild Josans
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

I went to Asakuchi, a bath for to take
I met me a Josan who was on the make
The bath it was hot and the Josan was too
If you go to Asakuchi my boys you are through

I went to my room, some sleep for to get
She said no sleep boy, with me there's no sweat
I woke the next morning at quarter past ten
She says, "Hey Yankee, that's four thousand Yen."

I'm back in Chitose where we sing and we shout
Me and the Doc are sweating it out
He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf
Then he poured out a dose or two for himself.

(15)

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
and some of the bunch were fine
And one that was trained at Cornell
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the books
And the Maxwell that gave me hell

The fellow from Princeton was steady
He taught me to take off and land
He'd hold her down on three points
And I'd hop her to beat the band
But when I went up for a spin
The Jennie was steady and trim
Well, I landed that ship, but I landed my hip
And I learned about flying from him

OK

The one from Cornell was a real one
He taught me to take off and land
The fifty tailspin he gave me
Will last for many a day
I donated a lunch to the cockpit
But he dived and he spun her again
He gave me a howl when I ducked for the cow
And I learned about flying from him

The fellow from Brooks used the comfort
And he talked through a long rubber tube
All that I heard was he was saying
He spotted me for a book
I'll never forget the bad tailspin
He yelled, kick the rudder you dim
But I didn't kick, I just wiggle the stick
And I learned about flying from him

At last I came to formation
And took a fast ship from the line
I made the first turn a humming
And brought her back upright just fine
I sped up the ship without a wince
And hit number iv in the wine
And—when I got well, the O gave me hell
And I learned about flying from him

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
and some of the bunch were fine
But take some straight dope from a flyer
And go with the navy to sea

STALFIM' STAND THE MOUNTAIN
(I am - I shall be - I shall be the - I shall be)

Now listen all you airmen young and old
To the tale of Fighter Pilots young and bold
With their fighters painted yellow
In the off to contact Hell
In the crisp foreign air so blue and cold

It was dive bomb old Simulju, stop the Reds
Eight one thousand pounders, louder, instant heads
Four birds lined up on the runway
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds

Twenty thousand over Pyongyang on Northwest
Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test
Till at least the Yalu River
Which makes my liver quiver
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast

Dust clouds rool up from Antung cross the way
Twenty swept wing Chinese war birds out to play
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes
All lit up like Christmas trees
Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste
Twenty victory roll out pilots do with grace
It was thrilling, it was hairy
Near that privileged sanctuary
S ngman Rhee will soon be president of this place

Kimpo tower this is Gas Mask through with this damn war
I am flying on to Taegu
Heading one-five-two to K-2
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more

MEET ME IN KYOTO
(I am - I shall be in St. Louis)

Meet me in Kyoto, Kyoto
Meet me at the shrine
Take your shoes off when you enter
Or you'll pay a fine
We will have a rare sukiyaki
Then we'll have a cup of sake
If you'll meet me in Kyoto, Kyoto
Meet me at the shrine

Z (18)

AND I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM HIM
(Tune- I Learned about Women From Her)

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine
A bowlegged fellow from Princeton
And one that was trained at Cornell
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks
And the Shavetail that gave me hell

The fellow from Princeton was steady
He taught me to takeoff and land
He'd set her down on three points
And loop her to beat the band
But when I went up for a solo
The Jennie was steady and trim
Well, I landed that ship, but I busted my hip
And I learned about flying from him

OK

The man for Cornell was a bad one
A son-of-a-gun I will say
The dirty tail-spin he gave me
Will last for many a day
I donated a lunch to the cockpit
But he dived and he spun her again
He gave me a howl when I ducked for the cowl
And I learned about flying from him

The fellow from Brooks used the Gosport
And he talked through a long rubber tube
All that I heard was he swearing
He spotted me for a boob
I'll never forget one bad tailspin
He yelled, kick the rudder you slump
But I didn't kick, I just wiggled the stick
And I learned about flying from him

At last I came to formation
And took a fast ship from the line
I made the first turn a humming
And brought her back upright just fine
I sped up the ship without thinking
And hit number two in the wing
And—When I got well, the CO gave me hell
And I learned about flying from him

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine
But take some straight dope from a flyer
And go with the navy to sea
For the ships they have there can land anywhere
And learn about flying from me.

(24)

When they were in the air, they were like a flock of birds
They were in the air, they were in the air, they were in the air
They were in the air, they were in the air, they were in the air

Overcast
They were flying in the air, they were in the air, they were in the air
Overcast they were in the air, they were in the air, they were in the air

At home I've felt their power, they were in the air, they were in the air
At home I've felt their power, they were in the air, they were in the air
At home I've felt their power, they were in the air, they were in the air

I have seen them in the air, they were in the air, they were in the air
I have seen them in the air, they were in the air, they were in the air
I have seen them in the air, they were in the air, they were in the air

They were flying in the air, they were in the air, they were in the air
They were flying in the air, they were in the air, they were in the air
They were flying in the air, they were in the air, they were in the air

The 1st flying fortress and the 1st flying fortress
The 1st flying fortress and the 1st flying fortress
The 1st flying fortress and the 1st flying fortress

You have heard your pounding, you have heard your pounding
You have heard your pounding, you have heard your pounding
You have heard your pounding, you have heard your pounding

Have you ever climbed a light mine up to the air to this
Have you ever climbed a light mine up to the air to this
Have you ever climbed a light mine up to the air to this

I have seen them in their Sabre's, when their eyes were dancing flame
I have seen them in their Sabre's, when their eyes were dancing flame
I have seen them in their Sabre's, when their eyes were dancing flame

Map Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
Map Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
Map Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song

We were cocky bold and happy when we played the angel's game
We were cocky bold and happy when we played the angel's game
We were cocky bold and happy when we played the angel's game

Our spirit's shot to hell (End)

(21)

And you'll know it's a fact, my brother,
When you see the Air Force in the sky
And you'll know it's a fact, my brother,
When you see the Air Force in the sky

OK

And you'll know it's a fact, my brother,
When you see the Air Force in the sky
And you'll know it's a fact, my brother,
When you see the Air Force in the sky

And you'll know it's a fact, my brother,
When you see the Air Force in the sky
And you'll know it's a fact, my brother,
When you see the Air Force in the sky

Oh, you'll know it's a fact, my brother,
When you see the Air Force in the sky
And you'll know it's a fact, my brother,
When you see the Air Force in the sky

THE AIR FORCE SONG
(1947-1948)

(20)

And you'll know it's a fact, my brother,
When you see the Air Force in the sky
And you'll know it's a fact, my brother,
When you see the Air Force in the sky

OK

INTO THE AIR

(25)

Into the air, U.S. Air Force
Into the air, pilots true
Into the air, U.S. Air Force
Keep your nose up in the blue
And when you hear the engines roaring
And the steel props start to shine
Then you can bet the U.S. Air Force
Is along the fighting line

OK

Into the air, junior birdmen
Into the air, upside down
Into the air, junior birdmen
Get your nose up off the ground
And when you hear the great commencement
And you win your wings of tin
You will know the junior birdmen
Have sent their box tops in

(22)

VIETNAM AIR LINES
(Tuna-Cig roots and Whiskey)

Since I was happy and had a good deal
I flew for Eighty-Eight to old Victorville *Turner Field*
They tried for a volunteer, said, "I'll take you"
The next thing I knew I was stuck in the gul!

Chorus: Kuni-ri and Antung, and wild wild Pyong-yang
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

We go down to briefing while it is still night
We lift off the runway before it is light
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way
We're over the target before it is day

We're up to the Yalu, there's cons overhead
We think of the Wheels who are snug in their beds
We drop our big tips and we break to the right
"Josie" we cry with all of our might

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup
We swear that the leader is doing a loop
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2
Be careful or Willie will write about you

Oh the Chosen is frozen and all wet with ice
From thirty-five thousand she looks mighty nice
But ask a foot soldier and he'll set you plumb straight
It's covered with Reds blood imbedded with hate

Oh the MIG is a blot on the whole human race
A war is a monkey to give one a chase
Here's my description, take warning dear brother
There's fire on one end, but cannons on t'other

Went up to MIG alley, S-2 said "No Sweat"
If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet
Six MIGS jumped our ass, and the leader yelled "BREAK"
Got back to K-10, how my knees they did shake

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to jam it, my ass is too sore
They can run it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair

I went on my mission to cut a rail track
They said, "There's no sweat 'cause there ain't any flack"
But the guns from that place would make day out of night
Oh god how I wish all I did was dog fight

Oh it's up to the Yalu in my flying machine
The Sub-Sea Reservoir is plainly seen
But MIG's out of the sky and shot down by flock
So I head towards Kanagyo and get shot down by flock

OK

Theme (Ghost Riders in the Sky)

Two Voodoo men came rolling out
one dark and stormy night
the scramble horn had sent them
off to face this sudden fright
The weatherman had told them
the night would be CAVY
But when they leaped into the mark
Adios, Voodoo

Voodoo, Voodoo, Night Fighters in
the sky.

They climbed on out the corridor
and picked up one point two,
Then old Cowbird called to them
we've got a track for you
He's heading for the U.S.A., a'doing
one point three
you better shoot that Mother down
before he gets to me.

Voodoo, Voodoo, Night Fighters in the
sky.

He kicked in both his burners
That Voodoo moved right out
and then the pilot heard the RO
start to scream and shout
I've got a contact on my scope
he's drifting to the right
so put her in a Starboard turn
and rack it in real tight

Horn turn, Horn turn, stick
pusher in the night.

He had his turn established then
he horsed back on the stick
the horn began to blow like hell
and then the pusher kicked.
The airplane gave a shudder
the nose began to rise
He looked into the mirror and saw
Two great big frightened eyes.

Drag chute, drag chute, pull that
handle quick.

The gyros were a-tumbling and
the bird began to spin
The R.O. said you simple tool
were going to auger in
They pulled up on their handles quick
and then their seats they blew
As they floated through the night
ADIOS, Voodoo.

Mayday, Mayday, Night Fighters in the sky.

When the troops are sitting round
the old ale~~sh~~ shack
They talk about two Voodoo men
who ain't a-coming back
The old Pacific gotten
their lesson we learned well
When you hear that horn blow
it may be Gabriell

Voodoo, Voodoo, it ain't no 102

FIGHTER PILOTS DEATH

"I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere amidst the clouds above
Those I fight I do not hate
Those I guard I do not love
Nor law, nor duty made me fight
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds
I balance all, brought all to mind
The years to come seen waste for breath
A waste for breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death

OK

HAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS
(Turn- Throw a Nickel on the Grass)

(24)

I t was midnight in Korea
All the pilots were in bed
When up stepped C-Indel
And this is what he said
Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres me and all
Pilots, gentle Pilots, And all the pilots started BILLS
When up stepped a young Lieutenant
With a voice as harsh as brass
"You can Take those God Damn Sabre Jets and shove them up your ass

Chorus: Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilots ass
Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per
There came a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me sir
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIG's on my ass

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
The airspeed read one-thirty, my God I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around
I racked the Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more
The engine quit, I ain't shit, the gear came through the floor

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low
I pressed the bloody button, Let both my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the works all done this fall

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Strobo ack ack"
But by the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing was top line
With my B and E equipment, I made for our front line
When I opened up my ration tin, to see what was in it
The God Damn Quartermaster, had filled the thing with shit

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go ver far, on a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix, for breakfast till I die

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, my God it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, how did I get there

The boys up from that other group, they think they are so hot
They brag about the "Blustails", that they've so often shot
One thing they don't remember, when are they holier and hoot
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say we're going home
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam
But the Colonels up at Langley, are planning on the fly
Just where they're gonna send us, on our next TDY

I started on my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scraped the ground
The General he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun
But then I met the F.B.B., Chitose here I come

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't last
They sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks

Letting down from forty-four, busting through the mesh
that Sabre Jet was moving now, falling like a rock
My boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought the end was near
I went before the F.B.B., and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, what a bunch of jerks

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you go"
I pulled that Sabre in the flue, she hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother, when the work's all done this fall

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beard
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst
Every body bust a butt and sing the second verse

How you can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Ruhr
Send me to Paris or a target in France
Any old place that I might have a chance
You can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Ruhr

You may think I'm wacky
But I'm only slightly flaky
Don't send me over the Ruhr
Now the alert's on the phone
And the target's Cologne
MY God, that's on the edge of the Ruhr

Send me to Bremen or old Potsdam town
Any place you can see through the flak to the ground
You can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Ruhr
For even when I'm starting
I'm planning on aborting
Don't send me over the Ruhr

THE THING

I've flown around for many a year, from Berlin to Taegu
But never a thing I saw like the thing, cruising along the Yalu
I was tooling up and down one day, with nary a thought on my mind
When suddenly was this!!!, right up my behind
When suddenly was this!!!, right up my behind

I dropped my tanks and broke to the right, called help to my wingman
He took on look at the III, and Ed turned around and ran
And then I called on another guy, known as Maple Red
But when he saw that III, he ducked his nose and fled
But when he saw that III, he ducked his nose and fled

And then there was this other bird, who yelled go altitude
There may be more of those III, and I've lost my fortitude
Then finally came this swept-wing thing, one of the famous fourth
He said I'll get that III, his fifties spattered forth
He said I'll get that III, his fifties spattered forth

And then I looked around again, and much to my surprise
I saw him clobber the III, right before my eyes
The MIG blew up went down in flames, his comrades followed suit
Because of the guy in the III, who knew just when to shoot
Because of the guy in the III, who knew just when to shoot

Now all you jockeys of eighty-fours, here's my advice to you
Never go cruising up and down, north of Samsu
Unless you've got the Fancus Fourth, hovering over you
Cause they'll take care of the III, they know just what to do
Cause they'll take care of the III, they know just what to do

My father makes rum in the bathtub
My mother makes the kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in

Chorus: Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girls from sin
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars
My God how the money rolls in

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards
My auntie she poses for him
Her costume cost nary a penny
My God how the money rolls in

I tried making all kinds of whiskey
I tried making all kinds of gin
I tried making love for a living
My God the Condition I'm in

Chorus #2: Sin, sin sin, sin, my God the condition I'm in, I'm in
Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God how the money rolls in

My father he died in his bathtub
My mother she died of her gin
My sister she married my brother
MY GOD WHAT A MESS I AM IN

IF YOU FLY

If you fly an 89, you must be dumb deaf and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow up time
Chorus:

Will you go boom today, will you go boom today
I've blew up yesterday, Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly an 86, you must really get your kicks
Bouncing the all weather boys, playing with their radar toys

If you fly a 94, you will never holler more
For your lot we do not pine, it's better than an 89

If you fly a thunder-jet, you will really have no sweat
For your life you will not pound, the clunker won't get off the ground

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more
A lady came in, she asked for a hit
I asked her what kind she adored
Felt she said, and felt her I did
I did but I don't any more

Cake - Layer
Lamp - Floor

Glue - Paste
Cream - Massage

Food - Pet
Razor - Injector

Please sing to me that sweet melody
 Called Doodle-lee-dee, doodle-lee-dee
 I like the rest but the part I like best
 Is doodle-lee-dee, doodle-lee-dee
 Simplest thing, there isn't much to it
 All you got to do is doodle-lee-dee it
 I love it so, wherever I go
 I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-dee

Two little lovers, under the covers
 What'll they do, doodle-lee-dee
 I would suggest that they should undress
 And doodle-lee-dee, doodle-lee-dee
 Cherries are red, ready for plucking
 I'm sixteen and I'm ready for high school
 I love it so, wherever I go
 I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-dee

Please do to me what you did to Marie
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night
 It must have been real, cause I heard Marie squeal
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night
 Don't know what, what you were doing
 Somebody said you were doodle-lee-dee
 I love it so, wherever I go
 I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-dee

AK

Miss Anna Snow went out on a show
 Called doodle-lee-dee, doodle-lee-dee
 She made a hit just playing her bit
 In doodle-lee-dee, doodle-lee-dee
 Twenty four hours, that's all there was to it
 How in this world did she doodle-lee-dee it
 Got a Hollis Hayes, but not by her toils
 But doodle-lee-doodle-lee-dee

PALL OF YARN

Was a sunny day in June all the flowers were in bloom
 The birds were singing gaily on the farm
 When I spied a maiden fair and I said unto her there
 Let me wind up your little ball of yarn

AK

She said sir can't you see you're a stranger to me
 But follow me out behind the barn
 There's a shady little nook beside the babbling brook
 Where you can wind up my little ball of yarn

Now young man take my advice never stay out late at night
 And you'll never lose your cherry or your chary
 Be like the bluebird and the robin keep your little P from bobbin'
 And you'll never wind up that little ball of yarn

Sing Hallelujah for maneuvers
For maneuvers are on our way
Now don't be grieving cause he's leaving
He'll be back the first of May
Good times lie before us
Not that you hear us
But we like to get away
Sing Hallelujah for maneuvers
For maneuvers are on our way

I'm not a pilot, but I'm not a pilot
 I'm not a pilot, but I'm not a pilot
 I'm not a pilot, but I'm not a pilot
 I'm not a pilot, but I'm not a pilot

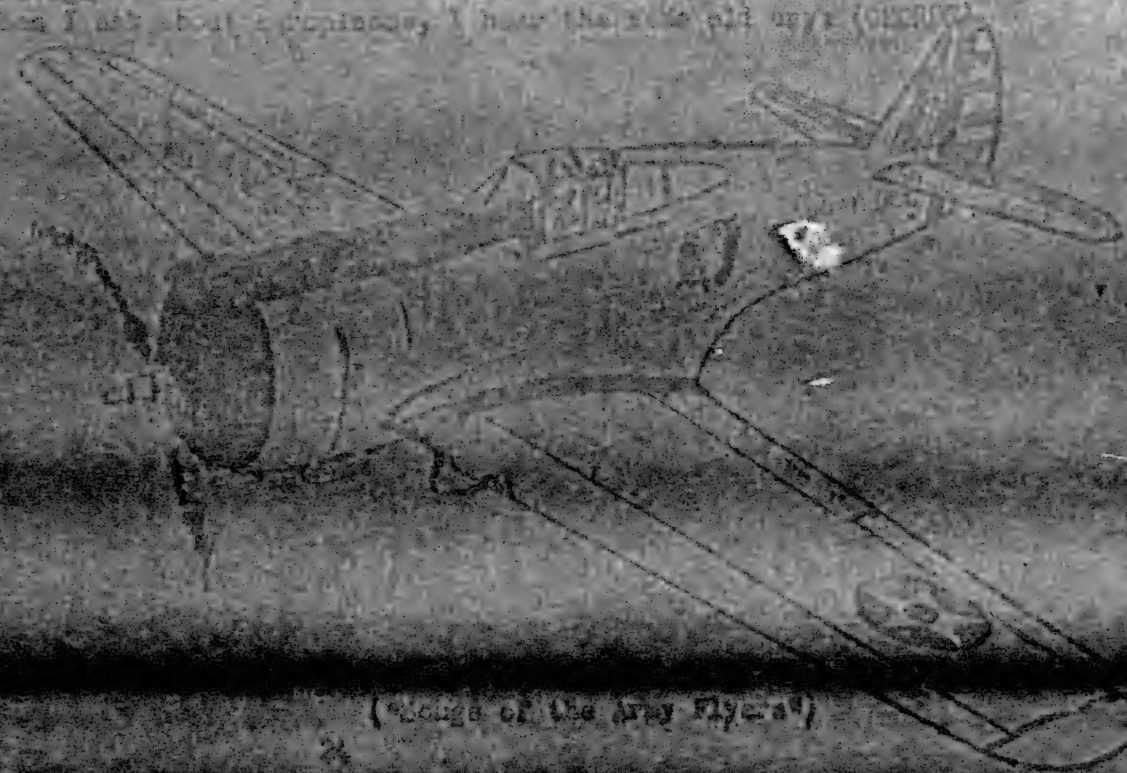
BACK AT THE PAYS ON THE

I was at the bank to visit a friend
 As I went down, I saw a man
 Who'll go to Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky
 Then I saw where I was "GOD" for that is how I fly

AK

One day I was at the bank on the way
 And how do you get that way?
 That was the morning I decided as I walked in today
 That I was going into the kitchen, I was a man
 I was a man, I was a man, I was a man
 But I'm a wonderful man
 I was at the bank on the way, on the way
 And how do you get that way?
 That is the only battle cry I know both right and wrong
 It's to fight in this great war and end the Kaiser's reign
 To get better than the old world and good
 And give to the world peace

I've been a million miles since I've been to that flying school
 I've been a pilot and a soldier, I'll be my army back in time
 I've navigated over the ocean and over the land of my
 And when I see about a ship, I hear the old cry (CHORUS)



(Songs of the Army Flyers)

CREEPING AND CRAWLING

One night as I was crawling and creeping, creeping, crawling
I spied a young maiden so peacefully sleeping
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

I said to her can I come to bed with you
And then she replied you're not handcuffed or tied
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

Her drawers were tight and I could not get in them
And then she replied there's a knife on the table

The knife was sharp and her drawers split asunder
And then we were banging like lightning and thunder
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

In about nine months lay the poor maid asunder
And then she remembered the lightning and thunder
So roll your leg over, so roll your leg over, over more

NIMROPSQUE

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you
As we go strolling through the park
And goosing shadows in the dark
If Shermans horse can take it, why can't you

You're the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Foot prints on the dash board upside down
Ever since you met my daughter
She's had trouble passing water
Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Foot prints on the dash board upside down
Since I met your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis
Wish I'd never seen your God damn town

I LOVE A BILLBOARD

I love a billboard, I always will
A sexy billboard gave me, my first thrill
When I was only a little child
A sexy billboard drove me wild.

Up in Korea midst high rocks and snow
The poor Chinese Comrade is falling quite low
For as the Corsairs roar by overhead
He knows that his buddies all soon will be dead

Chorus: Dinky di Dinky Dinky di
Dinky di Dinky Dinky di

Lin Pao went way up to cold Lato Ri
His prize Chinese army in action to see
He got there a half hour after the U's
And all that he found was their hate and their abuse

Run little chink man save your ass run
For 323 is out looking for fun
Is the big white nosed Corsairs came down in their dives
YOU'll know the deathrattlers are after your lives

Uncle Joe Stalin your stooges have found
It just doesn't pay to invade foreign ground
For when they disturbed the severe morning calm
They brought on the rockets, bombs and napalm

Here's to the 2-C, the vought people too
And their well known product the blue F4U
To all gyrene pilots and carriers at sea
And to the deathrattlers squadron ol' 323

We fought at Pyong Yang and at Hagaru
At Kumb wa and Kaesang and Oyangbu
So here's to our pilots and here's to our crew
The target, the snake, and the blue F4U

OLD NUMBER NINE

Twas a dark and stormy night, not a star was in sight
All the Mustangs were tied down to the line
When in rain up to his ears, stood a lonely volunteer
With his orders to fly old number nine

His ass was racked with pain as he climbed into his plane
And his bung hole was puckered fit to tie
And he whispered a prayer as he climbed into the air
For he knew that this was his night to die

As he flew o'er Ha-a-ru he could see a school or two
And the women and children very well
But how was he to know that he'd fly so Goddamned low
That his bomb blast would blow his ass to hell

In the wreck he was found thinly spread out on the ground
And the crumchies they raised his weary head
With his life almost spent here's the message that he sent
To his buddies who'd be sad to see him dead

I used an 8 to 10 delay but it didn't work out that way
Without a tail a F4U won't fly
Tell the Skipper for me, that he now has twenty three
He can roll up the ladder-- Skipper F4U

(38)

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the sea
And I were a whale I would teach 'em to swim

Oh, if all little girls were like logs in the stream
And I were a log skidder I would teach 'em to swim

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river
And I were a sandbar I'd make 'em then quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em

Oh, if all little girls were like Nelly Lemarr
I'd try twice as hard and get twice as far

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover
And I were a bull I would case them all over

Oh, if all little girls were like little white flowers
And I was a bee I would buzz them for hours

Oh, if all little girls were like little white chickens
And I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens

Oh, if all little girls were like little old turtles
And I was a turtle I'd get in their girdles

Oh, if all little girls were like Jyrray Rose Lee
And I were her G-String Oh boy what I'd see

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would
And I were a doctor I would if I could

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish in a pool
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

words

(3)

Chorus: Rio, Rio, Rio, Rio, Jesus Christ how I feel
Fresh from a shore leave, prick full of steel
That's my organ grinder

Laid her in her fathers hall
Spread her ass from hall to hall
Shoved it up into her wall
With my old organ grinder

Fucked her in her fathers bed
Shoved it up into her head
And that girl till she was dead
With my old organ grinder

Followed her to the burial ground
Just to go another round
Fucked her as they lowered her down
With my old organ grinder

Some folks say I am a knave
Say that I do not behave
Cause I jacked off on her grave
With my old organ grinder

OH MY GOD

Oh my God, we've all done wrong
We've all been drunk for so GOD DAMN long
And we don't give a Jesus if it rains, hails or freezes
Let the old man say what he GOD DAMN pleases
We're just a bunch of chitsters, a bunch of booze histers
FIGHTER PILOTS ALL

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

41

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam
On land or sea or foreign
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebellum
Wherever I may perambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode

BUDDY

BUDDY, BUDDY, have a good time
Stay in bed till half past nine
Drink your drink and flub your dub
86th Fighter Country Club

(46)

Down the street, we had a merry party
Everybody there was as gay and hearty
Talk about a treat, we ate all the meat
and we drank all the beer
In that way down the street

There was old Uncle Joe, fair fucked up
We locked him in the cellar with the old bull pup
Little sonny Jim, tried to get it in
With his ass hole winking at the moon

Oh, Salome, Salome
You should see Salome
Standing there, with her ass all bare
Waiting for someone to slide it in there
To slide it, and glide it
Right up her f'king chute
Two brass balls and a prick of steel
And a foreskin, full of shit

P

She's a big fat cow, twice the size of me
Hairs on her belly like the branches of a tree
She can jump eight feet
Wheel a barrow push a truck
That's my girl Salome

On Monday night, she takes it up the back
On Tuesday night, she takes in all the slack
On Wednesday night, she had a spell
On Thursday night, she fucks like hell
On Friday night, she takes it up her nose
In between her fingers and down between her toes
On Saturday night, she dishes out guns
And she goes to church on Sunday
She just wants me for a sunbeam
And a fucking fine sunbeam I'll be

RUGGED BUT RIGHT

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right
A thief and a gamblin' woman, I'm drunk every nite.
I eat a porterhouse steak three times a day for my board
more than any ordinary gal can afford.
I've got a big electric fan to keep me cool while I sleep
A big handsome man to play around with my feet.
I'm just a ramblin' wiman, a gamblin' woman, I'm drunk every nite
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.

44

Oh, we may be brown-skin lassies boys but what do we care
We've got the streamlined chassis boys, the do or die air,
We've got the hips to sink the ships of England, France and Paris
And if you like Napoleon boys, it's your Waterloo.
Oh take an intermission in my old Ford V8
I'd like to make it later but I've another late date
I'm just a ramblin' woman, a gamblin' woman, drunk every nite
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right

(42)

OK

A black and white micrograph showing a single cell with a large, dark, centrally located nucleus. The cytoplasm is lighter and less distinct.

100

45



92

43

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid
Down at the bottom of the sea
Minnie lost her pearls, down there among the corals
Gone, but she was mighty nice to me
Many's the night with the girls in shining
Down in her seaweed bungalow
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Two twin beds and only one of them mussed

OK

Now you can easily see, she's not my mother
Because my mother's forty nine
And you can easily see, she's not my sister
Because I wouldn't show my sister
such a hell-uv-a good time
And you can easily see, she's not my sweetheart
Because my sweetheart's so refined
She's just a peach of a kid
She never knew what she did
She's just a personal friend of mine

TWO LADIES WERE CONFIDING
(Tune- River Shannon Flows)

Two ladies were confiding
On a streetcar where they were riding
Oh they must have been school teachers
Their conversation ran that way
One said, How many children have you
She replied, I've thirty thank you
And when the same was asked the other
She said I've thirty two
An old, Irish Lady, seated across the aisle
Said I heard your conversation
And I greet you with a smile
You must have been grand ladies
To have had so many babies
But your husbands must have come from
Where our River Shannon flows

OK

COOL

I'm as cool as the tip of an eskimo's tool
I'm as cool as a fish in a frozen pool
Cold as a pane of frosty glass
Cool as the fringe around a polar bears ass
Cool

51

(47)

4th Staff
(Lt. Col. MacKinnon's Band)

WORDS

Oh, my name is Colonel _____ I'm the leader of the group
Just step into my training camp, I'll give you all the help
I'll tell you where the Omega is, and where the flak is black
I'll be the last one off the deck, I'll be the first one back

Chorus: Early start, early start, early start, avoid the rush
Early start, avoid the rush
Oh my name is Colonel _____ I'm the leader of the group

My name is Major _____ and I love old liberty
And if I go on well enough, my boys will follow me
But if you say Pyrrhus, I'll tell you what I'll do
Get into your plane and get a start, and I'll wait here for you

I'm sure you've heard of rightness, and the things they do
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true
The pilots they are smart, but let the skipper shout
And all those bastards say, "My nags they won't check out!"

And then I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing
Any night in the O.C. you can hear how well they sing
With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they want to go too
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do

Oh I fly the old bomber, and Douglas says it's great
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, these bastards just don't rate
I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue
But when it comes to flying MIG's, I'll tell you what I'll do

Now we'll all line up and take off, and set our course at ten
And when we reach the no return, we'll all turn back again
We'll call the tower and get a steer, we don't know where we've been
Drop your tanks and supplies, peel off the belly in

Oh we fly these bloody buses at a hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet
We think we're flying high, but we're flying bloody low
And we make our bloody landfall at the Firth of bloody Forth

Oh we fly these bloody buses at a hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low
And we hit the marker beacon such an awful bloody blow

Now when this war is over and we're back in the U.S.A.
We'll fly the planes in all war games, and do what the Generals say
But if we have another war and they give us the '86
To hell with all the general stuff, we won't get in that fix



Early AMES
(Toward Washington Field)

OK

LAUNCH

Oh, my plane is built strong and I'm the leader of the group
If you will stop any day I'll give you all the goods
I'll tell you where the best spots are and the clock is black
I'll be the first one off the dock and I'll be the first one back!

Early start, early start, early start, early start, early start
Early start, early start, early start, early start, early start

SANDERS

My name is Sanders, I'm a pilot and I'm a pilot
And if I go on a mission, my plane will follow me
Set it up, my plane is set, I'll tell you what I'll do
Get into your plane and go with me, and I'll tell you what I'll do

I'm sure you've heard of fighters, and the things they do
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true
The pilots they are really, but let their wings be true
And all these fighters, well, they're not, they're not, they're not!

And then I'm always here of the leaders in the wing
Any night in the "G" Club you can hear how well they sing
With words they fight a half a war, they say they want to go too
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do!

Oh, I fly the old Invader and Douglas says it's great
But when it comes to fighting MIGs, those bastards just don't rate
I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue
But when it comes to fighting MIGs, I'll tell you that I will do!

Now when this war is over and we're back in the U.S.A.
We'll fly the planes in all our glory and do what the generals say
But if we have another war and they give us the twenty-six
To hell with all the general staffs, we won't get in that fix!

(Songs of the Friendly 9th)

TOP OF MT MEAD

On top of Mount Mealy
All covered with snow
He an all-weather pilot
And his fearless NO

Now he put on an air show
He did it for me
At altitude zero
He clattered a tree

His gyro did tumble
he gauges did lie
but with canopy under
is no way to fly

With a hundred percent on
He made his last pass
With throttles wide open
He busted his ass

He said that he loved me
and would do me no harm
On top of Mount Mealy Fuji
He purchased the farm

FALSIES IN BRASSIERES

There's nothing can be better than a girl that wears a sweater
Though she may not be as big as she appears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

Her pulmonary muscles may resemble Janie Russell
And she'll say she got that way from drinking beer
They've got an awful lot for falsies in brassieres

So round---- so firm---- and so fully packed
You'll find it's really just an act
Give a girl a Bally bra and she will grow--grow--grow

Now I've made a careful study with the help of my best buddy
And a hundred thousand women volunteers
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

So fellows before you wed her, please investigate her sweater
Or you'll find your honeymoon will end in tears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

61
↓

In the hills of West Virginia, lives a girl named Nancy
 All the power seen such beauty, in city or in town
 Now Nancy and the Deacon climbed the mountain some high noon
 And when they reached the summit, it was very very soon

61
↓

Rollin down the mountain, rollin down the mountain
 Rollin down the mountain by the Deacon
 And in spite of all his urgin, she remained the local virgin
 And is just as pure as West Virginia has

Now along came a trapper, Henderson by name
 He took our little Nancy, and the story's just the same

61
↓

Rollin down the mountain rollin down the mountain
 Rollin down the mountain by the Deacon
 And in spite of his urgin, she remained the local virgin
 And is just as pure as Fanny's applejack

But along came a slicker, with his hundred dollar bills
 He took our little Nancy, a way up in the hills

And then she stayed up in the mountains, stayed up in the mountains
 Stayed up in the mountains all that night
 She came home next mornin early, more a woman than a girlie
 And her poppy kicked the hussey out of sight

Now she's livin in the city, livin in the city
 Oh she's livin in the city mighty well
 She's done away with pots and kettles, and she's eatin fancy vittles
 And those West Virginia hills can go to hell

But along came depression, took slicker by the pants
 He had to sell his packard, had to give up little Nancy

So now she's back in West Virginia, back in West Virginia
 Back in West Virginia as a yore
 And the Deacon and the trapper, got that thing that they were after
 And she's known as the West Virginia L A D Y

CLEVIS OXWARD
 (No tune)

61
↓

He stood before the pearly gate
 His face was scarred and old
 He stood before the man of fate
 For admission to the fold
 "What have you done?" St Peter said
 "To gain admission here?"
 "I've been a fighter pilot, sir
 For many and many a year
 I've fought the dust and flown the 'B'
 With the frozen chosen few
 I've been at ~~OXWARD~~ Air Force Base
 And parts of Texas too."
 The pearly gates swung open wide
 St Peter touched the bell
 "Come in and chase your harp, my friend
 You've had your share of hell."

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

And join the Air Force, we're a jolly
they say.
do a lick of work, just fly around
all day.
While others work and study hard and soon
grow old and blind.
Go to the air without a care and you
will never mind.

OK

You'll never mind, you'll never mind,
Go on and join the Air Force and you
will never mind.

Go on and get promoted, as high as you
can.
Rolling on the gravy train if you're an
Air Force flyer.
About the time you get to General,
You'll find,
The dough rolls in, and the dough rolls in,
But you will never mind.

It up and spin it and with an awful
fall off, the ship rolls in,
You will never care.
About a minute, Jack, another pair
You'll find.
Dance with Pete and the angels sweet
But you will never mind.

CHORUS

While flying over the ocean, you hear your
engine spit
Then watch the prop come to a stop,
The old-darned thing has quit
The ship won't float and you can't swim
The shore is far behind
What a dish for crabs and fish, but
You never mind.

CHORUS

And if some Russian Yak should shoot you
down in flames.
Don't sit around and belly-ache and call the
Goddie names.
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk
and pretty soon you'll find
That all is well, you cheated Hell, and you
will never mind.

CHORUS

ROLLIN' DOWN THE RUNWAY

I was rolling down the runway, headed for
a ditch,
I looked down at my prop, my God, its in
high pitch.
I pulled back on the stick I rose into
the air.
Glory, Glory, Halleluiah, how did I get
there.

CHORUS

Oh, Halleluiah, oh, halleluiah, throw a
nickel on the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's life
Oh, Halleluiah, oh, Halleluiah, throw a
nickel on the grass.
And you'll be saved.

I went into a loop; I thought that I was
clear,
I came upon Col Earle; I thought the end
was near.
I went before the Board; they gave me the
works
Glory, Glory, Halleluiah, what a bunch of
jerks.

CHORUS

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked
all right.
I made my final turn, my God, I racked it
tight,
My engine coughed and sputtered, the ship
begged to weave.
May Day, May Day, Col Buckey!
Spin instructions, please!

CHORUS

I took a trip to London to look around the town
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down
I've never seen such darkness, the night was black as pitch
Then suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch

Through it, it was Lilly, for Piccadilly
You know the one I mean, the one I mean
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey hey day
With Lilly, my blackout queen

Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her anyplace
I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark brunette
But gosh oh gee, did she give me, a thrill I won't forget

He said to me, Oh Yankee boy are you lonesome are you blue
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what I'll do
We went up some dark alley, I said, I love you kid
She said, Okay, but first you pay, so I gave her twenty quid

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms
She gave to me her very all, and all her buxom charms
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat
It was a shame, she should have been, a circus acrobat

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice
Why what she did for twenty quid was cheap at half the price

NAVY PRAYER

Our father who are in Washington
Truman is thy name
The Navy's done
The air force won
On the atlantic as in the Pacific
Give us this day our appropriations
And forgive us our accusations
As we forgive our accusers
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from French Morocco
For thine is the power
The 8-36 and the Air Force
Forever and ever—Amen

THE INVADER

Oh, the Invader is a very fine airplane
Constructed of steel and tin
It will do over three hundred level
The plane with the tailwind built in!
Oh, why did I join the Air Force
Mother, dear Mother knew best
For here I lie in the wreckage
Invader all over my chest!

BLACKBIRDS

(Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Here we stand on the ground
We won't take off till the sun goes down
We fly blackbirds . . .
Go in low and come out fast,
Keep those fighters off our . . . necks
We fly blackbirds.

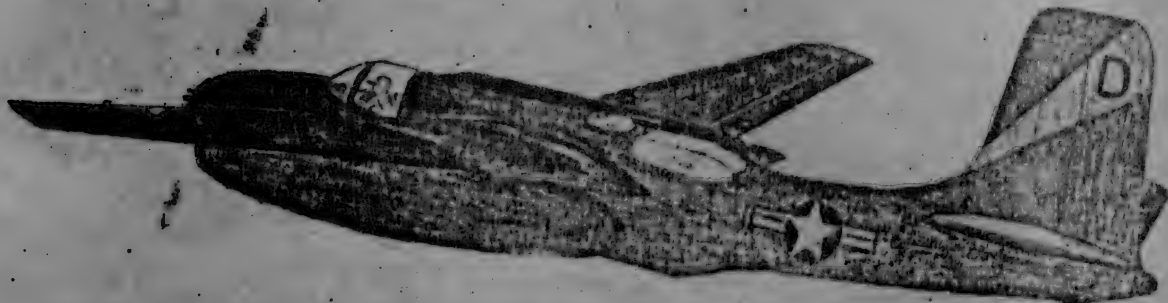
No one here can ever understand us
You should hear the malarkey they hand us
Mix those drinks and mix 'em right
Because we're standing down tonight
Blackbirds we fly.

FLAK IN THE NIGHT

From Kunsan to Anju, from Pyongyang to Yangdok
Wherever the red trucks go
I've been on some tough routes, and had me some rough bouts,
But there is one thing I know;
The Red Balls will get you, they're worrisome things,
That lead you to sing the flak in the night.

Hear the 8th a-calling, hear the 13th bawling
Dentist, oh-Dentist, oh Bromide, oh Bromide
Oh Snowflake, oh give me a steer, oh give me a fix
I'm lost in the night . . .

("Songs of the Friendly Eighth")



The song printed below was contributed by Lt. Orphan and has been written to the tune, "Battle Hymn of the Republic." May about some other contributions from some of the other senior cadets.

SAGA OF THE 774TH

OF THE RADAR SCOPE TURNED BRILLY
IN THE DIVE AND WINKY EYES
AND THE SLIPS ARE MOVING SLOWLY
AND THERE WAS NO THOUGHT OF GLOW
THE DIVE ONLY TRACK TURNED TO CHANGE
AS THEY ORDERED BY GROUND BOMB
THE TRACK WAS NOT UNKNOWN!

OK

GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY
GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY
GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY
YOUR TRACK IS MADE UNKNOWN

THE COMMANDER WAS ALERTED
AS THEY WERE COMING TO TAKE
THEIR BOMB AND THEN SCRAMBLED
AS A WARNING FOR THE LACK
OF THE PILOTS AHEAD FOR FIGHTING
BUT JAMES GOT IT AND NO FUEL
THE TRACK WAS STILL UNKNOWN!

GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY
GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY
GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY
YOUR TRACK IS STILL UNKNOWN

WHILE THE BOMBERS WERE RECORDING
IT WAS PLAIN FOR ALL TO SEE
THAT THE BOMBING WAS NO CHERNA
OVER THEIR T-ARTY THERE
THE CASE DIED SCOUTED BOMBED
FOR ALL THE MEN TO FLEE
THE TRACK JUST DROPPED A BOMB

GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY
GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY
GLORY GLORY SHADY LADY
YOUR BOMB IS NOT UNKNOWN!

2 (55)

ONE TO DART
OF
The Trade of Flight "C"

First a flyin' sound base was bright Friday morn
Shower then fell like the day I was born
The mission's complete, I'd flown the dog thru
No better pilot way up in the blue

Leading instructions were given to me
A DCA for the best of Flight "C"
I started out final to make my approach
And yelled in the mile, "Please send me in smooth."

Oh, no gear down stall--Oh, no gear down stall
She'll fly like a dream, she'll roll and she'll loop
She'll climb on her tail, but she'll land on her scap
With, oh, no gear down stall, stall
With, oh, no gear down stall

My wings were all level, I had it all locked
My fuel's near spent, but my drops were intact
The speed brakes are out, I start the descent
I'm right on the glide, a mission well spent

The final controller said left own degree
I said to myself he can't mean me
This dummy stick-flying, the thing is well done
Because I'm the boy who wrote the book one

(CHORUS)

"Recheck your gear," the controller did say
I push on the lever like any old day
The rest of the approach was perfect I'd bet
No errors in azimuth or altitude yet

Good approach that I think I have flown
You can't beat old Dad, it's easily shown
The boys must be proud to know that it's I
A bringin' that Doggie right outta the sky

(CHORUS)

He y! Merce's a yellin' on radio two
"Right sis on final, pull up, please do
But I did not hear him, I'm quite satisfied
I'm doin' nicely, on course and on glide

Z 55 Cent?

Two bright red flares, I did not then see
Nor know that the crash trucks were coming for me
The medic's are there, the firemen stand by
For doggie a lifeline, I've cutta the sky

(CHORUS)

Over the fence, and I eased back the stick
I'll set her down gently, another good trick
I began to touch down, my right tire seemed flat
I eased down the left, it's a lot better than that

How can it happen that both would be flat
I thought to myself, "A bush in the pot"
The reason was the gear's in the wall
I've sold this old Doggie right down into Hell

(CHORUS)

She ground to a halt, her drops are worn thin
And her engine's still running, she won't fly again
The dust is a settling, the crash trucks appear
To rescue this pilot, a man I hold dear

The tower was screaming, "What number is that?"
It's zero five eight and I suddenly just sat
Can't happen to me, the last of them all
But, sure nuff it did - so gear down stall

(CHORUS)

$$T(x) = T_0 + \frac{1}{2} \alpha x^2$$

It is an engine that makes the kind of work possible and that is why it is a step back, but it is a step back.

100-44788-10-39

Don't give me a Cursive Hand.

about the photos and square
if they are a picture

Don't give me a child's version

Don't leave to an old Trustee.

~~It sure was a little joint
it looked like a joint~~

~~and it was like a tug,
and it felt like old times.~~

CONFIDENTIAL

THEY GOT OUT THE PARTY FOR
HILL PEOPLE AND THAT

Don't give me a Technology Staff.

1

USAF pilots and the Navy and they bombed in that area.

Can't give me an F-14.

501

ready, I hope you'll see
me 11:30 am and they'll have
the report on the situation.

907 11 00 118 2, no

SALE OF POLYMER CONCRETE

I sent you in yesterday,
 As a dollar goes from hand to hand, so
 A woman goes from man to man

END PAGE

Around her neck she wore a purple ribbon,
(CHOKERS)

The veto is in the springtime in 1929

and when you asked not why the hell we

she wrote it for her lover who was her
 first love.

far away (far away), far away (far away),
The words I hear her repeat she has said

[illegible]

AROUND BUT LONG OLDS WITH A PURPLE DARTER
(chickens)

Attended the block and pushed a baby carriage (shower)

and the door has turned left a little bit +
(shouts)

When a state is placed on the list

the third step in the process is the

and when you asked why the hell she-

planned them for her lover who was still

them for her lover, who was sitting next

Don't give me a P-38, the props they conter-rotate
They've scattered and amitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give me a P-38

Chorus:

Just give operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old

Don't give me a P-39
The engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a peter four oh, a hell of an airplane I know
A ground loopin bastard, you're sure to get plastered
Don't give me a peter four oh

Don't gibe me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the hun
But with cooland tank dry, you'll run out of sky
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F-84, She's just a ground living whore
She'll whine moan and wheeze and she'll clabber the trees
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an old thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a joit
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old thunderbolt

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll go, but not very far
It'll ramble and spaut, but soon will flame out
Don't give me a jet shooting star

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86

Don't give me an F-89, The TIME says they'll really climb
They're all in the states, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets radar and A/B
She's fast I don't care, she blows up in mid-air
Don't give me an 86-D

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out in a dive
A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels in it
Don't give me a C-45

Don't give me a C-54, six inches of rugs on the floor
And We'll go fat-cat'n, from here to Manhattan
Don't give me a C-54

Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get back alive
The Mig 15's chase em, they soon will erase em
Don't give me a B-45

Don't give me a one-double-0, The bastard is ready to blow
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a one-double-0

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when it's blue
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often
Don't give me an F-102

*Don't give me a 101B
Turn engines and double AB
She's fast I don't care
She blows up in the air
don't give me a 101B*

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK
(Tune- Strip Polka)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing, beside his office door
He'll be sweating out the takeoff, as he's often done before
The man behind the armor plated door

Four times he's led us up there, and he always led up back
For he circled o'er the I.P., as we went in to attack
He said I'm hard yet fair boys, but allergic to ack ack
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the targets sighted, who inspires the attack
Who says hundreds may go in lads, but a few aren't coming back
Who says We'll disregard the minimum, when you suppress the flak
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the mission's over, and briefing they should be
You can search the whole field over, but not a pilot will you see
For they'll all be at the O Club, with a mixed drink in their hand
Singing the Man Behind the Armor Plated Desk

SONG OF R AND R
(Tune- Moonlight on the Wabash)

When the ice is on the rice in old Onitose
And the Saki is the cellar starts to freeze
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco
I just want to see my little Nipponese

The Persian kitten performed and fair
 Stopped out in the garden to get some air
 A t.m. cat lanky, lean, and long
 Dirty and yellow came along
 He sniffed at the perfumed Persian cat
 As she walked by with much alert
 Thinking of a little time to pass
 Whispered, "Kitten, you sure got class"
 How fittin' and proper the kitten replied
 As she arched an whisker over her eye
 "I've been raised on pillows of silk,
 Never drank nothing but certified milk"
 Oh I should be happy with all that I got
 I should be happy, but happy I'm not
 I should be happy, happy indeed
 For you see I'm highly pedigreed"
 "Cheer up" said the tom cat with a smile
 "Just trust your new found friend for a while
 You don't have to leave your own back fence
 For kitten all you need is experience"
 Tales of joy he then unfurled
 As he told her the story of the outside world
 Then suggested with a lurid laugh
 That they take a little trip down the priarous path
 Morning after the night before
 When the kitten returned at the hour of four
 The innocent look on her eyes had went
 And the smile on her face was the smile of content
 Months later these kittens of pedigreed fame
 They weren't Persian, they were black and tan
 And she told 'em that their father was a travellin' man
 A rack on up, clock on up travellin' man

TATTOOED LADY
 (Tune- My Indiana Home)

I carried me a tattooed lady
 To roam around her body was a treat
 And every night before retiring
 I'd pull the covers back and take a peek
 Around her waist was Pennsylvania, and on her hip was Tennessee
 And tattooed on her back was dear old Hackensack
 From the state of New Jersey
 Now on her chest was west Virginia
 Through those hills I loved to roam
 But when I saw the moonlight shining on the Vatach
 Then I recognized my Indiana home

Once the 45th came to Sidi Sliwana
They've got the French girls going insane
The French girls say they treat them nice
And they give them a better price

Chorus: Drinkin rum and coca cola
Go down Port Lyautay
Both Mother and daughter
Working for a Yankee dollar

In French Morocco it is mighty clear
The Frenchman gets one can of beer
While the 45th leads a life so fine
Just making whoopee all the time

The SAC boys came to Sidi this year
The girls all thought that they were queer
They don't dance, they just drink beer
They're glad that the 45th is here
The bomber jockeys came and left the girls so cold
They acted like a million years old
They don't spend money so they say
The wives in the states got all their pay

Before we landed on this field
The Officers club showed little yield
But now we'll build a club De Lux
The 45th is on the looka

The American arms so they say
Allow Frauleins only through the day
There's that click click click all the night
But the G.I. says it's quite all right

Chorus: Drinking rum and coca cola
Go down to Walhalla
Both mother and daughter
Working for the Yankee dollar

Up in Deutschland it is clear
The girls don't drink much gin or beer
They will play and they will sin
But you've got to give up your Sabre pin

Up in Frankfurt late one night
Our tech rep got mighty tight
Made passionate love to a blonde in black
Now they're takin' stitches in his back.

Life in Sidi Sliane is so peaceful
But the rumors are true that we've heard
The quiet is soon to be broken
By arrival of SAC'S 303rd

From old Taceen they say they are leaving
Leaving homes and sweet lovin wives
They will come here to old French Morocco
And complicate all of our lives

Now they'll have lots of aircraft and people
And they'll have at least thirty I know
Who will spend all their waking moments
Making work for the base AIO

But we'll not be about to get excited
For the answer to most of our fears
Is to pass on the buck just as always
Straight on to the Corps of Engineers

The odds are that we cannot please them
There are sure to be waits and delays
But if we can stand it for two years
They can stand it for just thirty days

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

That louse of a boarder
Who else could it be
While I was away at work
That lousy jerk filled in for me
Oh I didn't get angry
Though it's driving me wild
For he may be the father of my only child

Oh the baby's first words were nanana
It was then I could plainly see
That it was a real Mexicana
And there's no Spanish blood in me

Oh I stabbed that boarder
I stabbed him that day
I cut him from the Rio Grande to the Santa Fe
I cut off his boleros
Now he'll never play
South of the border, in a Mexican way

2 (62)
O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting at O'Reilleys bar
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why no shag O'Reilleys daughter

Chorus

Fiddley-I-E Fiddley-I-O
Fiddley-I-E for the one ball Reilly
Rubby dub dub jig balls and all
Ruddy dub dub shag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the hair
Then I threw my left leg over
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more
Shagged and shagged til the fun was over

Chorus

There came a knock upon my door
Who could it be but her God-Dam father
Two horse pistols by his side
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter

Chorus

I grabbed that bastard by the hair
Shoved his head in a pail of water
Shoved those pistols up his ass
A damm sight farther than I shagged his daughter

Chorus

Now as I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner
There goes the dirty son of a bitch
The one who shagged O'Reilleys daughter

Stay with OD (Dashing thru the sno)

The game was played on Sunday in Heavens own back yard
With Jesus playing quarterback and Moses playing guard
The angels in the bleachers my god how they did yell
When Jesus made a touchdown against the boys from hell

Chorus (Tune Oh, them golden slippers)

Stay with god, oh lordy, stay with god, oh lordy
Jesus on the one yard line, Moses doin very fine
Stay with god, oh lordy, stay with god, oh lordy
Hoke em, soke em, Jesus pokes em, stay with god

Styles (Tune Smiles)

(63)

There are styles that show the ankle
There are styles that show the knee
There are styles that have the boys all wondering
Just what the girls are gonna let us see

2
OK

There are styles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of men alone can see
But the style that Eve wore in the garden
Is the style that appeals to me.

OH RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

Oh rip the feathers away away
Oh rip the feathers away
Oh the ass of a duck
makes a wonderful fuck
If you rip the feathers away

THE LITTLE GREY RAT

(65)

On the pale moon shone on the bar-room floor
The bar was closed for the night
Then out of his hole came the little grey rat
He lapped up the liquor on the bar-room floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And all night long you could hear him call
Bring on your goddamn cat his cat his cat

and sat in the pale moon light!

OFF WE GO
(Tune- USAF Song)

Back we come, off of a one hour test hop
Over the land and over the sea
For this feat we get a raise in rank
Ten days leave, and a WFO
Here's all, as you can judge by medals
Got a lot, and we'll get some more
We're out to conquer, and we will
For nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

18

CHICKEN SONG

(66)

No had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
No had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
My wife said, honey, it's striking me funny
We're losing money, no eggs would they lay
One day a rooster flew into the yard
And caught the poor chickens completely off guard

OK

They're laying eggs now, Just like they used to
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard

(64)

AIR FORCE 801
(Tune- Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Maui, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin mean
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1
You'd better get the crash crew, and get them on the run

Air Force 801 this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
So take it on around again, we have some VIP's
YOUR NOT A

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I've gotta get my charts fixed up, before that judgement day

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see you biscuit gun
My engine's really ragged, and the coolant's gonna blow
I'm gonna crash a Mustang, so look out down below

Air Force 801, this is judgement day
You're in pilots heaven, and you are here to stay
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to hell

PILOTS HAMENT
(Tune- If I Had the Wings Of an Angel)

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen
We will tell you a story sad but true
Of many who wear wings but are not happy
Gather round while we sing this song to you

The many who wear wings but are not happy
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts

A reason there must be for discontentment
Why the gloom as dark as any blacked out lamp
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you
I'm not a member of the ~~31st~~ Fighter Group
414th

Z (67)

FATHERS GRAVE
(Tune- Piccadilly Underground)

Oh they're digging up fathers grave to build a sewer
And they're going at the job at no expense
They're disturbing his remains, to make way for outhouse drains
To satisfy some brand new resident, Gor Blimey
Now father in his day was never a quitter
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now
He'll dress up in white sheets, and haunt those outhouse seats
And no one there will sit but he allows, Gor Blimey
Now won't there be some bloody constipation
And won't those bloody bastards rant and rave
Which is more than they deserve, for having the bloody nerve
To bugger about with a British workmans grave

OK

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES (THE WALL)
(Tune- Bless them all)

Bless them all, bless them all
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all

OK

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That transsonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus
So I'm staying away from the wall
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall

KOREA
(Tune- I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over
Korea that I abhor
One for the money
And two for the show
Ridgeway said stay
But we want to go.
There's no use explaining
Why we're remaining
We got what we were fighting for
KOREA, KOREA, and diarrhea
To make the rice grow some more

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shatter Sabrejet, a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words this young pursuiter said

I'm going to a better land where everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from Telephone poles
Play poker every night
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing
And all our crews are women, oh death where is thy sting

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
Oh death where is thy sting
The bells of Hell will ring, ting-a-ling
For you but not for me
Oh, ting-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming bye and bye

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT (Take- Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory)

By the ring around his eyeball
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot
by the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator
By his sextants, maps, and such
You can tell a fighter jockey
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH

SONG OF THE ZULU WARRIORS

Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay!
Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay!

CHORUS: Hold 'em down, you Zulu warriors
Hold 'em down, you Zulu chiefs!
Chiefs! Chiefs! Chiefs!
Chi-ga-na-lie - - - oh!

(The "Song of the Zulu Warriors" is supposed to have originated with the South African Squadron stationed in Korea. It was subsequently adopted by American pilots. I first heard it sung at Langley AFB by the 509th FAS in 1953. The most important part of the song is the rythmical foot-stomping. The verse and chorus are repeated, each time a little louder, until you get thrown out of the club.)

PARTIES

Oh, parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
So, let's have a party

We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
HELLO - HELLO - HELLO

(Battle Hymn etc)

OK

SHE DIDN'T GET HER KNEES SOAKED WET
SHE DIDN'T GET HER KNEES SOAKED WET
SHE GOT HER ANKLES WET,
SHE WALKED IN THE WATER AND
SHE GOT HER ANKLES WET,
SHE WALKED IN THE WATER AND
SHE GOT HER ANKLES WET,
BUT SHE DIDN'T GET HER (CLAP, CLAP)
WET YET.

CHORUS:

GLORY, GLORY, HALLE-ALLELUIAH,
GLORY, GLORY, HALLE-ALLELUIAH,
GLORY, GLORY, HALLE-ALLELUIAH,
SHE DIDN'T GET HER (CLAP, CLAP)
WET, YET.

SHE GOT HER KNEES ALL WET
SHE GOT HER THIGHS ALL WET
SHE GOT HER NECK ALL WET.

~~TO THE PO RIVER VALLEY WE'RE GOING,
FOR TO GET US SOME TRAINS AND SOME TRACKS,
BUT IF I HAD MY SAY-SC ABOUT IT,
I'D STILL BE BACK HOME IN THE BACK.~~

THE PO RIVER VALLEY

TO THE PO RIVER VALLEY WE'RE GOING,
FOR TO GET US SOME TRAINS AND SOME TRACKS,
BUT IF I HAD MY SAY-SC ABOUT IT,
I'D STILL BE BACK HOME IN THE BACK.

COME AND SIT IN THE SIDE AT THE BUILDING
DO NOT HASTEN TO BID ME ADIEU,
TO THE PO RIVER VALLEY WE'RE GOING
AND I'M MIXING FOUR IN FLIGHT HERE.

22

WE WENT FOR TO CHECK ON THE WEATHER,
AND THEY SAID IT WAS CLEAR AS COULD BE,
NOW I LOST MY WING MAN ON TAKE OFF
AND THE FLEET AUGURED IN OUT AT SEA.

S-4-2 SAID THERE'S NO FLACK WISE I'D BE OWDT,
S-4-2 SAID, "NO FLACK ON THE WAY."
THERE'S A DARK OVERCAST O'ER THE TARGET
I'M BEGINNING TO DOUBT WHAT THEY SAY.

A SPINNIERE WENT BY LIKE A WHIRLWIND,
A I A TUNTING WENT BY LIKE A TWEEZE,
AND A C-46 WITH OLD FEATHERED,
WENT BY TOWING FIVE I-3's.

TO THE PO RIVER VALLEY WE'RE GOING,
AND MANY STRANGE SIGHTS WE WILL SEE,
BUT THE ONE THERE THAT HOLDS MY ATTENTION,
IS THE FLACK THAT THEY THROW UP AT ME.

OUR BOMBER GOES TEN THOUSAND MILES,
ONE HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR,
BUT I CAN'T LIVE A MOMENT
WITHOUT IT CAN SAVE

CHORUS:

STEADY BOYS, STEADY BOYS,
HERE COMES ANOTHER BIG LIE.

SAID PILOT TO BOMBER, "HOW SLICK,
FINDING THE TARGETS SO QUICK--
BUT MY GOSH HOW STUPID
WE'RE FRESH OUT OF RANGE
STEAP ON MY PARACHUTE QUICK."

CHORUS:

THE AIR FORCE SURE HAS THE LINE GRAND--
WELL, WOMAN AND SOON IS THE END;
THERE'S MEDALS BY BASKETS
FOR FLYING OUR CASKETS
IN THE 35-0-4 STRAIGHT DOWN AND.
CHORUS:

F-80s ARE CERTAINLY KEEN
IF TO DARING YOUR TROUBLES LIE--
BUT HE WENT IT SAID
WE'D NOT BE CAUGHT DEAD
IN SUCH AN IMPERIAL MARCH.
CHORUS:

WITH OUR BOMBERS THE WORLD WILL BE SHOOKED,
AT THREE HUNDRED MILES THEY'VE BEEN CLOCKED--
BUT WHILE DREAMING UP TRICKS,
WITH OUR B-36,
WE'VE ALL HAD OUR HEADS UP AND LOCKED.
CHORUS:

THE X-1 WAS CRUISING THE BLUE
THE PILOT FELT SOMETHING QUITE NEW--
HELL WHAT A SENSATION
WHERE'S PUBLIC RELATIONS,
THE LEGION OF MERIT WILL DO.
CHORUS:

OUR BOMBER GOES TEN THOUSAND MILES
WE CLAIM IT BUT ONLY WITH SMILES,
WHILE CRASHING THE BARRIER,
WE POOH, POOH, THE CARRIER
THAT REALLY GOES TEN THOUSAND MILES.
CHORUS:

OH, WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE SAYING IS TRUE,
WE GOT IT DIRECTLY FROM STU,
WE LOVE THE BLUE YOUNDER--
BUT SOMETIMES WE WONDER

WHO OWNS THIS CLUB
OH WEARS THE BOYS FROM THE 1000 414
YOU'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT.
THE MOTHERS TAKE THEIR DAUGHTERS IN
THEIR ARMS TO GO OUT.
BUT WE ALWAYS FILL UP MOTHERS,
AND WE'RE ALWAYS FULL OF MOODS,
OH WE'RE THE BOYS FROM THE 1000 414
NOW WHO THE HELL ARE "THESE"?
AS WE GO MARCHING
AND THE BAND BEGINS TO PLAY P-L-A-T-I:
YOU CAN HEAR THE PEOPLE SHOOTING
THE BOYS FROM 1000 ARE ON THE WAY.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
OH WAR, WAR,
WHO OWNS THIS CLUB!
OH WAR, WAR,
WHO OWNS THIS CLUB!
OH WAR, WAR,
WHO OWNS THIS CLUB, THE PEOPLE OY!
WE OWN THIS CLUB! WE OWN THIS CLUB!
THE 1000!

OK

TUNE (RUBEN + RACHEL)
MAY MDK
MDK
(81)

OK

TWAS A COLD WINTER EVENING
THE GUESTS WERE ALL LEAVING
O'RILEY WAS CLOSING THE BAR
WHEN THE BARTENDER SAID TO THE LADY IN RED
GET OUT YOU CAN'T STAY WHERE YOU ARE.
SHE SHED A SAD TEAR IN HER BUCKET OF BEER
AS SHE THOUGHT OF THE COLD NIGHT AHEAD
WHEN A GENTLEMAN DAPPER STEPPED OUT OF THE ~~THICK DOOR~~ ^{KRAPPER}
AND THESE WERE THE WORDS THAT HE SAID:

HER MOTHER NEVER TOLD HER THE THINGS
A GOOD GIRL SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT THE WAYS OF AIR FORCE MEN
AND HOW THEY COME AND GO.
SHE LOST HER YOUTH AND BEAUTY
AND SIN HAS LEFT ITS SAD SCAR
SO REMEMBER YOUR MOTELERS
AND SISTERS BOYS
AND LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR.



LET'S GET AIR

When you see the U.S. Air Force
Keep your nose up in the blue
And when you hear the engines roaring
And the wheel props start to whine
Then you can bet the U.S. Air Force
Is along the fighting line!

STRAFERS

When I was a cadet, an innocent lad
The Chaplain told me the good from the bad
And of all of his words, those were his last
Never fly high and never fly fast.

So I joined up, the strafers with those words in mind
And off to New Guinea I did go
But when I got there I was to find
The strafers fly too godd darn low....Oh!

We fly o'er the treetops with inches to spare
There's smoke in the cockpit and gray in our hair
The leaders look like as strafing we go
But whether you're flying just too godd darn low!

MY WILD EYED CADDET

(Tune: My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild eyed cadet - he ain't learned nothing yet
He noses her down when close to the ground
My wild eyed cadet!
He slips in his banks - if he lives, we'll all give thanks!
I hear drums beating low and men marching slow
Behind wild eyed cadets!

(Song of the 300th)

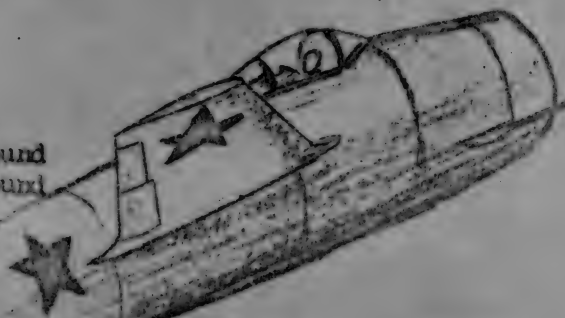
BREAK RIGHT

(Tune: Cadence Count)

Solo: Break right
All: Right now
Solo: Break right
All: Right now
Solo: Break right, break right, break right, PULL IT TIGHT

Solo: We're flyin' around
All: We're flyin' around
Solo: And lookin' around
All: And lookin' around
Solo: The MiGs came down
All: The MiGs came down
Solo: We went 'round and 'round
All: We went 'round and 'round
Solo: Throttle to the wall
All: Throttle to the wall
Solo: I counted them all
All: I counted them all
All: One, two, three, four, MORE AND MORE!

Solo: Their noses were red
All: Their noses were red
Solo: They wanted me dead
All: They wanted me dead
All: EENEY, MEENEY, MINY, MO, LET'S GO BACK TO OLD KIMPO!



THE PRETTIEST PLANE

(1) (Leader) The prettiest plane (8) We're coming in with thirteen chicks
(All) The prettiest plane Twelve MiG-15's, one Fox eight-six
(Leader) Out on the line (9) The moral of this story's clear
(All) Out on the line When you start home just check your rear
(Leader) The MiG-15 (10) Cause if you don't you're sure to
(All) The MiG-15 A MiG-15 tucked in behind. /find
(Leader) Flies mighty fine
(All) Flies mighty fine
(All) The prettiest plane out on the line
The MiG-15 flies mighty fine!

(2) When we go up and fly at noon
(3) The MiG-15's leap off the moon
(4) Then they come down and pretty soon
(5) A pissed-off tiger lowers the boom
(6) On all our planes we paint red stars
(7) For MiG-15's that lead on Mars
We chase them up to forty-four
The fox-eight-six don't have much more
The throttle's set right at full bore
We'll never catch that little whore
Then they start home and Casey calls
We're letting down, no sweat at all

BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

77

An Air Force lieutenant to Pusan did stole
He'd just come back from a raid on Seoul
When an old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir.
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

CHORUS: La de a, La de a
There's blood on your tunic
And mud on your knees.

Now look here Sgt, you bloody damn fool
I've just come back from a raid on Seoul
Where ack ack is flying and comforts are few
And brave men are dying for bastards like you.

Now the old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir,
But on the Lt. I meant no slur
But the girls down in Pusan are hard to please
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees!

SPRING TIME ON THE YALU

(Spring Time in the Rockies)

OK When it's spring time on the Yalu and the MIGs come out to play
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin.

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the napalm is in bloom
And your 50s do the talking and it's just a MIG and you
Once again you'll hear me whisper that my fuel is running low.
When it's spring time on the Yalu then it's time for us to go.

(Both songs from "Songs of the 357th")



2 (78)
FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
The place is full of queers
Navigators, Bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are off on foreign shores
Making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay
Being shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan!

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on
Reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce!

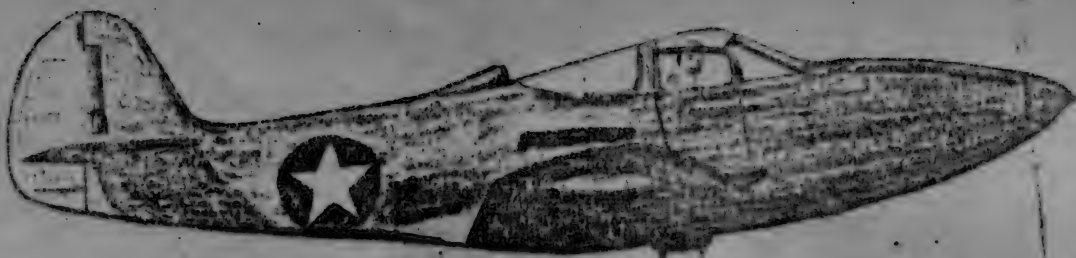
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged
And his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare!

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in ~~Sierra~~
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in ~~Sierra~~
The place is full of brass
Sitting round on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in ~~Sierra~~ Group

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation
But increase the population
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

Oh look at the 55th in the club
Oh look at the 55th in the club
The don't party, they don't sing
77th does everything
Oh look at the 55th in the club!

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suids
All he does is flub his dub
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL!



FLAK SHOWERS

(Tune: April Showers)

Although flak showers may come your way
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
"My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight, you may
Stay and fight alone!
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see!

("Songs of the 49th FBG")

THE RIVER RAN RED

(Tune: ~~The Good Ship Titanic~~)

Number One was having fun, Number Two got quite a few
Number Four got some more as he said
Oh, the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more.

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mits
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more.

There were women in the crowd, little children cried aloud
But they all carried guns for the foe
There were some who turned around, when they heard that awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime
But they got Number Three, don't you see
Yes, they shot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more.

(Repeat first verse)

("Songs of the 49th FBG")

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

(Tune: Ball Bottom Trousers)



Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery Lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery!

~~Pressure~~ Suits

CHORUS: Singing "~~G~~ suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do!

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him, just to keep the pilot warm!

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

~~Pressure~~ Suits

FINAL CHORUS: Singing "~~G~~ suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do!

("Repulsive Rhapsodies" and "GI SONGS")

(This song has been handed down from the first world war. Two versions of it have been found on pages 20 and 21. Today, however, it is usually sung in the form shown below which is sung by the 20th Fighter Wing and appears in the following song collection: "Songs of the 8th Fighter-Bomber Wing," "Songs of the 325th Fighter-Int. Squadron")

Z (82)

CK BOOZIN' BUDDIES

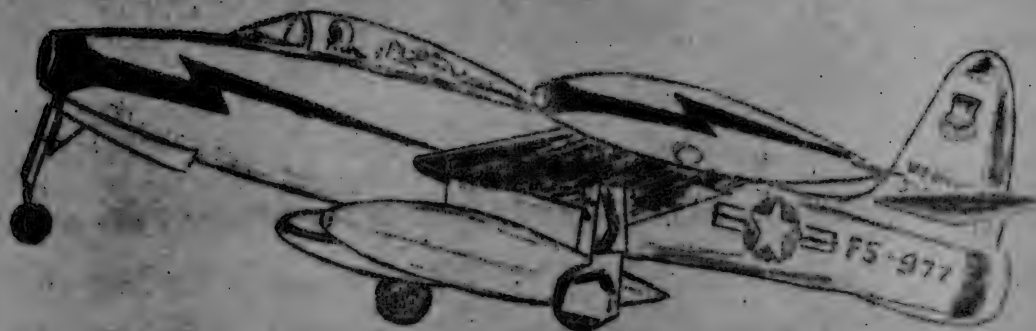
A fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
All around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said:

"Take the tailpipe out of my stomach
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the turbine out of my kidney
And assemble the unit again"

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Boozin' buddies while boozin'
We are the boys they send out to die
Boozin' buddies while boozin'

Up in headquarters they sing and they shout
Talking of things they know nothing about!

We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Boozin' buddies while boozin'
Boozin' buddies while boozin'
Boozin' buddies while boozin'!"



2 (83)
THE HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN

A handsome young airman lay dying
And as on the airframe he lay
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing
These last parting words he did say:
"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting rods out of my brain,
The crank-shaft out of my backbone,
And assemble the engine again."

From "The American Songbag" edited by Carl Sandburg. Mr. Sandburg says about this World War I song: "One of the several in the R.W. Gordon collection, this version, is from Abbe Miles who comments on how landlubber songs often are in active duty on the high seas and vice versa. 'Any living tune is a jack of all trades. This variant of Tarpaulin Jacket ten years ago (1917) on the flying fields was current among men who had never heard its original.' "

A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING

A poor aviator lay dying
At the end of a bright summer day
His comrades had gathered around him
To carry his fragments away.

His airplane was piled on his wishbone,
His engine was wrapped round his head;
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow,
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

He spit out a valve and a gasket
And stirred in the sump where he lay,
To mechanics who round him came sighing,
These brave parting words did he say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,
And the butterfly valve off my neck
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,
There are lots of good parts in this wreck.

"Take the manifold out of my larynx,
And the cylinders out of my brain,
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again!"



HOT PILOT

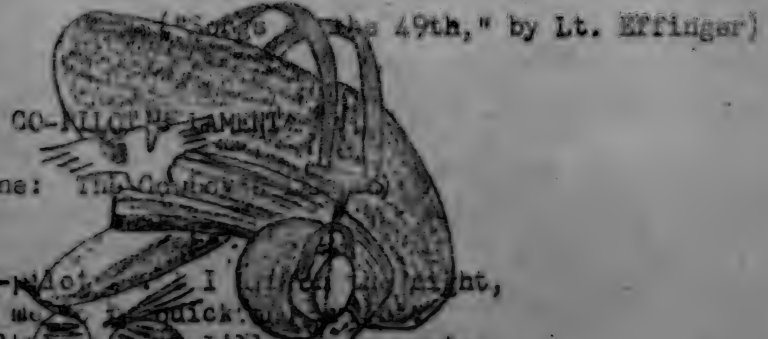
(This version, with one or two minor changes, appears in the following books:
"GI SONGS," "Songs of 300," "Songs of the Army Flyers")

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

OK

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same?
Oh, we'll always call you: "(Any old dirty Major)"
Isn't it a bloody shame?

To the days at Itazuke
And the parties that we knew
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can stick them up your flue!



(Tune: THE CONDOLENTS)

I'm the co-pilot, I sit to the right,
It's up to me to fly quick and light,
I never talk back, I'll have no regrets
And I must remember what the captain forgets.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather,
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather,
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting,
And fly the old crate when the captain is snoring.

I take the revving and adjust the power,
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower,
Tell where we are on the darkest night
And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my captain and buy him Cokes
I always laugh at his corny jokes
And once in a while when his landings are rusty
I come through with "Gawd, but it's gusty!"

All in all, I'm a general stooge
As I sit to the right of this man Scurge
But maybe some day with great understanding
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.

("The Three Hats," Vol. II)



HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peace times the regulars are happy
In peace times they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the God Damn reserves!

CHORUS: Call out, Call out
Call out the God Damn reserves, reserves!
Call out, Call out
Oh, call out the God Damn reserves.

OK

Here's to the Regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God Damn reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan!

Here's to the Regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God damn reservist
Their ass would be dragging the floor!

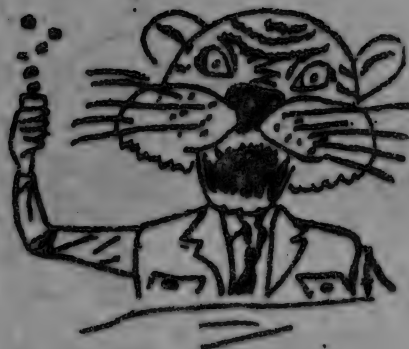
CHORUS: Fight on, Fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on, Fight on...
Fight on, Fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on!

(The first verse and chorus of this song appear in "Songs of the Friendly Sth." Since they are sung to the same tune and are in the same spirit as the song from the 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing's "Repulsive Rhapsodies," they are hereby combined.)

KOREA

(Tune: I'm Looking Over a 4-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a wall fought over
Korea that I abhor
One for the money
And two for the show
Ridgeway said stay
But we want to go.
There's no use explaining
Why we're remaining
We got what we were fighting for
KOREA, KOREA, and diarrhea
To make the rice grow some more!



SEOUL CITY SUE

I drove a hard of oxen down
Till I reached old Ben Chong way
And there I met a Cook girl,
Who said she'd like to play.
Her clothes were of a dirty blue,
Her hands and feet were too.
I asked her what her name was,
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

OK

CHORUS: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
Your hair is black, your eyes are too
I'd swap my honey cart for you.
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
No one smells of Kimchie,
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue.

Oh, Korea, I must admit
I owe a lot to you.
I came here from America
To find Seoul City Sue
Someday I'll take her back with me,
And buy her perfumes too,
So people can't be singing,
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."

("Korea" is from "Songs of the 357th"
"Seoul City Sue" is from "Songs of the
Friendly 8th")

Z (87)

WRECK OF THE OLD '97

There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron
Not enough room you could see
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction
But the last one was a ~~Pittsfield~~ ^{89 D}

She was old '97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near.

A Second Lieutenant wandered into Operations
And he asked for a ship or two
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do."

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for Majors
And the Captains have the next forty-nine
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Wonju and from there to ~~Quinhao~~
And he had to make that flight
So he said, "O.K., if you give me a clearance
I will get there sometime tonight."

Oh, he flew over Taejon and the Taegu Airport
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through rain and he flew through a snowstorm
Till the light began to fail
When he found a railroad going in his direction
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight.

There was old '97, with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And her throttle was bent in the forward position
But her engine was facing back!

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning
From this time over on
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband
He may leave you and never return.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

Z (89)



OK

HUTCH'S BALLAD

(Tune: Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

Sure, our target it was bunkers
Way out in the hills so grand
Located in Korea, right next to no-man's land
Our fans now they were G.I.'s
And they thought our Mustangs grand
As we circled o'er the target
Watching "Willie Peter" land.

But our controller was neurotic
Near the ground he wouldn't go
We toggled off our babies
And we watched them hit below
He had placed his rockets wildly
And he'd fouled the whole damn show
But when we got the grading
Sure it was Zero - Zero.

Sure a little bit of airplane fell
From out the sky one day
It landed west of Pyongyang
Not very far away
Comet Red won't be coming back
It made us very blue
But we went on to our target
And we dropped our babies true.

So, we sprinkled it with fifties
Just to keep their heads down low
Then we hurried back to 3-2
To lie about our show
When you read it in the papers
All about the 18th's capers
You will know it's propaganda
For old Barnes, bless his soul.

(Sings My Mother Never Taught Me)

(90)

The most chivilrous fish in the ocean
To ladies forbearing and mild
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark
Who will eat neither woman or child

He dines upon seamen and skippers
And a tourist will his hanger sawage
And a fresh cabin boy, will inspire him with joy
If he's past the maturity age

OK

A doctor or lawyer or preacher
He'll gobble up any fine day
But the ladies, God Bless 'em, he'll only address 'em
Politely and go on his way

I can readily cite you an instance
Of a lovely young lady from Breen
Who was tender and sweet, and delicious to eat
And fell into the bay with a scream

She struggled and flounced in the water
And signaled in vain for her barque
She would surely have drowned, if she had not been found
By a chivilrous man-eating shark

He bowed in his manner most charming
Thus soothing her impulses wild
Don't be frightened, he said, I've been properly bred
And will eat neither woman nor child

He proffered his fin and she took it
Such gallantry none can dispute
And the passengers cheered, as the vessel they neared
And a broadside was fired a salute

They soon were alongside the vessel
A life saving dinghy was lowered
With the pick of the , and her relatives too
And the mate and the skipper aboard

They had her on board in a juffy
The shark stood attention the while
Then he raised up his flipper, and gobbled the skipper
And went on his way with a smile

This shows that the king of the ocean
To ladies forbearing and mild
Though his record be dark, is the man-eating shark
Who will eat neither woman nor child

(91)

ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY
(Two - Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Once they were happy, completely at ease
They flew their F-80's like a swinging' trapeze
They looped 'em, they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's
But alas boys, their wings have been clipped

One day they approached Itasca
Jet leader called echelon right
Mustangs at nine o'clock level
Let's see if 8th fighter will fight

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right
I think they see us, says jet four in fright
There're all pullin streamers says jet number three
Let's go home, this is no place for me

The jets headed home at a hundred percent
In fact number four had the throttle stop bent
Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went

THE PRETTIEST SHIP

- (1) (Leader) The prettiest ship
(All) The prettiest ship
(Leader) Out on the line
(All) Out on the line
(Leader) The MiG-15
(All) The MiG-15
(Leader) Flies fast and fine
(All) Flies fast and fine
(Leader) The prettiest ship
(All) The prettiest ship, out on the line
The MiG-15 flies fast and fine
- (2) When we go up and fly at noon
The MiG-15's leap off the moon
- (3) Then they come down and pretty soon
A pissed-off tiger lowers the boom
- (4) On all our planes we paint red stars
For MiG-15's that land on Mars
- (5) We chase them up to forty-four
That fox eight six ain't got much more
- (6) The throttle's set right at full bore
We'll never catch that little shore
Then they start home and Casey calls
We're letting down no sweat at all
- (8) We're coming in with thirteen chicks
Twelve MiG-15's one fox eight six
- (9) The moral of this sotry's clear
When you start home just check your rear
- (10) Cause if you don't you're sure to find
A MiG-15 tucked in behind

THE PO RIVER VALLEY
(Tune- Red River Valley)

(92)

To the Po river valley we're going
Far to get us some trains and some tracks
But if I had my say-so about it
I'd still be back here in the sack

Come and sit by my side at the briefing
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
To the Po river valley were going
And I'm flying four in flight blue

We went for to check on the weather
And they said it was clear as can be
Now I lost my wingman 'round the field
And the rest slogged in out at sea

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going
S-2 said there's no flak on the way
There's a dark overcast o'er the target
I'm begining to doubt what they say

A spitfire went by like a whirlwind
And a mustang went by like a breeze
And a C-46 with no feathered
Went by towing five L-3's

To the Po river valley we're going
And sany strange sights we will see
But the one there that held my attention
Was the flak that they threw up at me

SIDI SLIMANE SONG
(Tune - On Top of Old Smoky)

(93)

Now gather round closely, and we'll sing this refrain
Bout life in Morocco, at Sidi Slimane
There's not enough women, to grace this bare land
But there's not enough women, to grace this bare land
But there's plenty of rag heads, Cactus and sand

The heat in the daytime, will wither your soul
While all the long evenings, you shiver with cold
It's so hot in old Sidi, where no river flows
You'd think hell was above you, and heaven below

Each man here will tell you, that he's malassigned
And the Air Force commanders, have all lost their minds
We here in Sidi, want to know why we're here
And we'll not find our answer, in a big glass of beer

So we'll try some tye whiskey, and we'll try demon rum
And a gallon of cognac, and the answer will come
We need some equipment, and we need some supplies
But improvement, will be a surprise

Work from dawn till sunset, on many big deals
While those boys from division, are dragging their heels
The boys you will notice, who take it so hard
Are recalled reardeals, and the Air National Guard

Boy from Old "B" Flight 2 (94)

Ward

Oh, we're the boys from old "B" Flight
You're going to hear us shout!
So listen to us sing it now
and hear what it's about.

We fly the best, we fight the best
and we can out drink you
And when it comes to makin love
Yes, we're the bestest too

We feel sorry for the other flights,
They really need a lift!
So we'll press on, and sing our song
and present them with a gift

As we press onward
Who stand out above the rest,
You can hear the people shouting,
Rigidy dig, Rigidy dig
B Flight is the best

Oh, there's a pilot in the 84th
The oldest Capt'n we know.
He pulled mobile at Kitty Hawk,
He's the "A" flight daddio.

Old Ancient age is slowing him
He's gettin mighty lame...
To help him along before he's gone,
We'll give him a walking cane.

As we press onward
Who stand out above the rest.
You can hear the people shouting
Rigidy dig, Rigidy dig,
B flight is the best

Oh, we come from all around the world,
but that don't mean a damn.
To let you know just what we mean,
We'll let you hear from Ham.

Oh, I'm a yankee hater,
from way down in the south.
But I'd sooner fly with a B flt yank
than C flt's big loud mouth.

When old Sweenys shooting craps,
he really is in heaven.
With our gift to him, He'll always win,
These dice roll only seven.

As we press onward
Who stand out above the rest.
You can hear the people shouting,
Rigidy dig, Rigidy dig,
B flight is the best

(I'd like to rib old Hicks tonight,
Solo by and say that he's a jerk.
Layton But I would feel too guilty - cause,
(he's pulling my alert.

He's down in the hanger,
cold and all alone.
Now he's the dog of old dog flt
for him, a greasy bone.

(Chores)

Now old Carl Burger is Easy flt
is in a real sad way,
There's little use in singing to him
He can't hear what we say.

Now if old Carl could only hear,
he'd really have it made.
To let him know what's going on,
we'll give him a hearing aid.

As we press onward
Who stand out above the rest.
You can hear the people shouting,
Rigidy dig, Rigidy dig,
B flight is the best.

We've had out little chuckle,
we've had a little fun.
But we still think the 84th
will never be outdone.

Oh, this is the end of our lament,
it's the story of who's who.
Oh, were the boys from old B flight,
Now, who the hell are you! ! !